You Are My Universe And I Will Always Put You First

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You Are My Universe And I Will Always Put You First

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Omega Will is pregnant and struggles with his changing body in the morning when his old clothes don't fit anymore. Hannibal is there to help and convince Will that he is the prettiest, and smartest omega he has ever met and he would never let him go.

Notes

Cw Body Image Issues.

Be mindful with this fic if you have body image issues or dysphoria/ dysmorphia.

I wrote this because of my personal issues with my body right now. Not because of pregnancy but because I have gained weight in the lockdowns and some clothes don't fit anymore. Whelp.

And yes, I got inspired by Coldplay x BTS and their song My Universe. I love it 💜

Thanks for reading :)

Will stood in front of the mirror of the wardrobe and tried to pull up the dark blue denim jeans. It was too tight around his thighs now.The buttons of the flannel shirt were a mere moment away from springing loose around his breasts. An enraged snarl escaped him. He would definitely need other clothes.

Fuck, he hadn't thought of that. He had spent weeks in the house and now that he needed to be presentable he had nothing. Will tossed both items to the growing pile of clothes on the smooth mahogany floor with rising frustration and self-loathing boiling within him.

His appointment with the gynaecologist was scheduled for 9.30, in one and a half hours, but Will didn't give a fuck. He sat down on the edge of the bed and shot his mirror image a miserable glance and let out a heart shattering whine.

Today was not one of the better days in his pregnancy. He had slept like shit, still having to deal with nightmares about him losing Hannibal to the FBI and Jack taking his newborn away, ripping them out of his hands in the hospital. Also, his breasts were swollen and sensitive to the touch, especially the nipples.

Will didn't feel like the pretty prince like Hannibal called him. In truth, he felt more like a beached whale. The omega turned away his gaze from his changed physique in self-loathing and cupped his face into his hands, letting out sobs. How could Hannibal love him when he looked like that? Was this the reason they slept separately now?

How could he be sure that Hannibal didn't sneak out at night and fucked someone else? He flung himself into the nest, tears flowing down his cheeks.

"Darling?" Hannibal called. "Are you dressed? We need to hurry or we won't make it through the traffic." The omega didn't answer, inhaling a deep breath to ground himself again.

Stop being dramatic like that, he told himself. Just stop.

The last thing the baby needed was a stressed, unstable parent. But damn, pregnancy was not sexy and clearly over-romanticised in books and movies.

The sound of footsteps walking up the stairs and the cloud of scent indicated the approach of Hannibal but Will still stayed in his nest, clutching his pillows and a shirt of Hannibal for comfort.

A loud knock made him flinch and shift his gaze to the door.

"Darling?" Hannibal asked in a gentle, suave tone. "May I come in? Let me help you, mylimasis."

Even when mated, it was common for alphas to ask their omegas for permission before entering their bedroom and nests. Especially when they were pregnant, omegas could turn hostile towards their mates, believing they needed to defend their unborn pup against everyone.

“Will? Please tell me what’s wrong. We can cancel the appointment if that bothers you.”

Will let out a loud sniff and peaked over the duvet he had pulled up to his chin.

“Come in, Han.”

The door opened slowly and Hannibal entered with carefully measured steps in case the omega went feral. He already had some scars from a previous light bite attack. Also, Will had thrown books at him when he entered after a short fight. The alpha growled as he discovered the distressed omega tucked in his pile of blankets. His scent glands immediately produced a biological cocktail of calming pheromones.

Hannibal approached the left side of the king-size bed but didn’t sit down, keeping a respectful distance instead. He scrutinised Will, trying to discern the source of his distress.

“It’s fine, Mrs. Bershley will be happy to…”

“Are you fucking some one else ?” Will shot at him randomly before he could control his anxious thoughts.

Hannibal’s face took on a look of bewilderment. Flecks of red appeared in his eyes. He tried not to take the accusation personally and breathed deeply. It was important to find out the source of Will’s distress and deal with it.

“No, I’m not,” he said, trying his best not to growl and frighten the omega.“Why are you saying this, Will?”

He approached the bed with slow steps and sat down at the edge. Will rolled away from him, making Hannibal sigh heavily.

“I’m fat and ugly,” Will sobbed. “That’s why you don’t want to have sex with me.”

Hannibal’s eyes finally discovered the pile of clothes resting in front of the wardrobe. So this is what triggered Will’s anxiety and insecurities.

It was a simple thing that could be fixed quickly. There were enough talented tailors around in town. He knew some reliable and talented ones in Baltimore. It actually broke his heart that Will thought so badly about himself.

“You’re not fat nor ugly. There’s a reason we can’t have penetrative sex right now. It’s not to endanger the pup growing inside you,” Hannibal spoke in an assuring voice.

“I don’t believe you,” Will sniffed, pulling his lips into a pout.

Hannibal sought out Will’s left hand and entwined his fingers with his.

“Listen, Will. You’re the prettiest and smartest omega I have ever met. You figured my crimes out in no time. There is no one like you.” His eyes shone with determination and possessiveness. “I would rather have you rip my heart out and eat it.”

The last words came out in a loud, deep, guttural growl, louder than anticipated. His eyes shone like a bright bonfire on Solstice.

“Also, I love how full you look with my pup. You carry our legacy. It’s the greatest honour for me.”

Heading these growled words of assurance, Will’s sobbing ebbed away and he shifted his body towards Hannibal.The calming effect of the pheromones set in and helped with it, too. His thinking grew clearer and he realized how foolish it had been to have even considered the possibility of Hannibal cheating. A blush crept on his cheeks. He felt embarrassed to the bone.

The fucking hormones.

The alpha pushed the mess of plushies, books, pillows and other stuff away, pulled down the duvet, snuggled up to him from behind, wrapping his arms around Will’s belly. He stroked his half-wet curls and kissed them. His fingers moved down to Will’s neck and began to stroke the scent glands in a steady rhythm.

“Breathe with me,” Hannibal commanded in his alpha voice. The omega nodded and followed Hannibal’s breathing instruction.After a few minutes, the tension seeped out of his muscles. Also, feeling the alpha’s body close to him and inhaling his pheromones helped him to ground himself, too, and to shove these scary, intrusive thoughts away.

They stayed in this position like this for a while. Hannibal was aware that he should have called Mrs Bershley, but it couldn’t be helped. He would apologise and charm the doctor and the assistant. It would be their first missed appointment so it shouldn't be a problem.

“I’m sorry,” Will sighed, biting his lips. He pushed himself up and pecked a kiss from the alpha’s lips. “This wasn’t justified.”

“Everything is fine,” Hannibal purred. He stroked Will’s bump with his hand. “There’s nothing you have to be sorry for. These emotions and feelings make us human.”

“Still…it was rude and hurtful of me to assume this,” Will whispered.

A soft, wanton whine rolled form his mouth and the white of his eyes showed as Hannibal nibbled on his earlobe while his hand touched his right breast and played with his nipples.

“I love you, Will. You’re the most beautiful pregnant omega in the world. You are my universe and I’ll always put you first.” He kissed his silver mating scar in the crook of his neck.

After playing with Will’s nipples, he decided to change position in the bed.

“Hannibal,” Will said, furrowing his eyebrows and shooting him a confused look as he abandoned touching his breast and crawled away from him. “What…?”

This earned him a mischievous, lustful smirk of Hannibal. Instead of answering right away, the alpha pulled the duvet further down along with all the remaining plushies and soft

pillows, then settled between his thighs. His legs dangling over the edge of the bed.

Hannibal lowered his head down and pressed tender, admiring kisses to Will's bump, making the omega squirm and emit anorher wanton noise.

"The doctor told us we can't have penetrative sex but I am going to worship every inch of your beautiful body," Hannibal promised in a reverend tone. "Just like you deserve. You are my god,Will."

His tongue swirled around Will's half-erect cock which hardened immediately under his affectionate and skilled licking and the use of his hands.

"I'm going to make you feel good, darling. Just relax. Let me take care of you, sweet boy."

Heavy, musky sex pheromones and the scent of sweet slick wafted through the air around them as the alpha kept teasing Will with his hands and tongue.

"And this afternoon I'll call the most talented tailor to our house to dress you in the finest clothes." He paused. "All you needed is to ask me."

Will's eyes watered and turned glossy. He gazed at Hannibal with pure love and gratefulness in his cerulean eyes.

"Thank you, Hannibal. You're the best alpha in the world."

Hannibal let out a soft, gentle growl, smiled at his lover then went back to focus on pleasuring his pregnant lover with all the learned sex skills he could muster, making Will moan and beg for more and come several times. His beautiful, high-pitched moans were a symphony to Hannibal's ears.

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